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ABSTRACT

When a woman is widowed, she automatically becomes a member of a community of isolated women who lack social status, economic power, and visibility in literature and the mass media. Literature by and about widows indicates four major reasons for this situation: there is no general recognition of the distinctive problems widows must face; except in a few large urban centers, widows lack access to social agencies, clubs, and therapy groups that can provide counsel or collective power and identity; the widow has been negatively or unrealistically stereotyped in literature and in the mass media; widow memoirs are few in number, are largely ignored, since they are by nature "unliterary," and themselves confirm stereotypical responses to widowhood. English teachers should accept a measure of responsibility for helping widows attain positive visibility, by helping to minimize negative connotations associated with the word "widow" and by including the widow in discussions of literature and in discussions of marriage and family relationships. (GW)

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THE CASE OF THE MISSING WIDOW

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CS 203 234

NIGHT SONG

After amputation
The body lives,
[redacted]
Without the missing limb,
Tenses imaginary toes,
Wiggles fingers that tingle
In extension
Of immaterial palms.
After amputation
The half body on a half bed
Reaches out for
Missing shoulders,
Forehead, abdomen,
Smells the sweat of absent armpits,
Nestles close to remembered curves
Of buttocks, thighs,
Then shivers and moans
When the ghostly forms
([redacted]) disappear.
After amputation
The body lives,
But not [redacted]
The most important parts.
Toss the gangrenous calf
Casually into the cinderpile.
Forget the blackened fist,
The swollen wrist joints
That can be cleaved
With surgical style.
But where, darling,
Is your magical warmth,
Your long arm,
Your strictly personal
Smile?
I am half of one
In a cold bed,
One crease on the pillow,
A solo ear
For anything said
Or privately felt.
After amputation
The body lives,
But would rather not.

Sample any group of English teachers on what connotations come to mind with mention of the word "widow" and I predict the most frequently mentioned responses would be "merry," "black," "poor"--or Lynn Caine," whose autobiographical account of widowhood is the only book on the subject anybody knows or talks about. Other responses might include "suttee" (burning the widow along with the husband), "widow's weeds," or the names Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis or Alice, who has become a kind of truckstop Rhoda since the recent TV season began. Had I been polled six years ago when my own husband died, I, too, would have used such ready definitions, mainly because I had never thought about what the word "widow" really means nor perceived that it could apply to me. Imagine my revulsion upon learning that "widow" is actually a word from the Sanskrit meaning "empty."--Dear God, to be labeled "widow" is to be denoted a hollow person, an empty shell washed up on the shore. Worse yet, widowhood signifies automatic membership in the community of isolated women who lack social status, economic power, or visibility in literature and the mass media.

Even Ms. Marple, Agatha Christie's fastidious sleuth, would find herself in a quandary if asked to take on the case. Let me share a hypothetical conversation:

Me: Ms. Marpole, have you had any success in uncovering the "widow" I recently brought to your attention?

MM: This is most embarrassing, but I must confess to being completely baffled. None of my clues has turned up a single lead to anyone who knows this person or even cares whether she exists. For that matter, I'm particularly distressed by the lack of cooperation I have encountered. Would you believe that I actually feel unwelcome

when I bring up the subject?

Me: Naturally, Ms. Marpole, for the person you seek has been traditionally visible. Once you accept that fact, you will make considerably more progress.

Considering that three out of four wives end up as widows and that currently more than 12 million women in the U.S. have joined the ranks, widows shouldn't be invisible, but they are. They have no collective identity, but are instead subsumed within a statistical community lacking group cohesion, avenues of communication, and power to express their needs or to change repressive social conditions. Four major reasons for this situation, each of which will be separately elaborated, deserve attention:

A. The widow is automatically classified as similar to all other single women, without recognition of the distinctive problems she has to face.

B. Except in a few large urban centers, widows lack access to social agencies, clubs, or therapy groups that can provide counsel or a source of collective power and identity. [I was pleased to read..... See p. 4] Even NOW has no program or plank for widows.[1] Overall, their problems have been virtually ignored by the feminist movement.

C. Historically, the widow has been negatively or unrealistically stereotyped in literature and, today, in the mass media.

D. Widow memoirs are few in number, by nature "unliterary," and therefore mainly ignored except by other widows prowling the library stacks for a kindred voice. Written by exceptional women, these books also confirm stereotypical responses to widowhood that should be recognized as such.

A. <u>"GROUP BLUR."</u>

Following her husband's burial, the widow is, of course, once again a "single woman," sister to the divorcee and the never married, but we make a major mistake to assume automatically that her problems are identical to those of all other "singles." This is not to deny that divorce is acutely painful nor to overlook, as Mel Krantzler's CREATIVE DIVORCE makes poignantly clear, that the divorced person must also pass through stages of mourning and grief to be free of the past. Still, several important differences in the experience of

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the widow need to be acknowledged if her situation is to be accurately assessed:

1. The widow has no choice in the determination of her status. It is thrust upon her, often without advance warning.

2. In today's society, widowhood imposes its agonizing burden of bereavement and grief without providing any defined rules or rituals to guide or support a woman during the ensuing period of mourning.[2] In one of the most eloquent passages in WIDOW, Lynn Caine declares:

> It is cruel that women are not educated in the progress of grief, since so many of us face the absolutely inevitable prospect of widowhood. Other cultures, other ages laid down protocols of behavior which, no matter how rigid they may seem to us, were at least a guideline for widows to grasp as they suffered through the various stages of grief. But today, widows have little to guide them. The various efforts to help bereaved women--widow-to-widow services, funeral home booklets, efforts of banks and brokerage houses looking for 'widow's mite' accounts, even the courses in death now offered by some universities and colleges--are nothing but a Hansel and Gretel trail of bread crumbs. They are no guide to grief.[3]

3. The widow is stigmatized by her association with death, also by the unfortunate connotations of her label. As Alfred Lewis angrily remarks: "She must have done something awful, become something despicable, dirt, an obscenity--Widow. She is that unforgivable thing, a residue of death, a reminder of the evanescence of life in a society searching for Shangri-La."[4]

4. Considering that the average age for a widow is 52,[5] unless already employed--and even then--she is at a great disadvantage economically, too old for the job market, too young for social security, pension, or income for dependent children.

5. Worst of all, most widows discover belatedly that they have permitted themselves to be defined only in relationship to their husbands and therefore lack a sense of their own potential for creative and independent living. They find they don't know who they are and are very unsure of how to find out.

In short, while both widow and divorcee must find their identity within the community of single women, they travel different routes, each of which needs to be separately mapped.

B. "Odd-Man-Out"

Survey any group of widows and they will tell you that their worst problem is the sense of isolation and alienation their status confers. Among the many spontaneous and admittedly melodramatic poems I found myself writing during the months after my husband's death was one on this specific

theme, evoked by remembrance of the childhood game of "Odd-Man-Out":

I liked the game once
Before I was permanent
"Odd-Man-Out."
Soloed, un-coupled,
Isolated already in the early rounds.

I played the game once
With spirit, lack of doubt,
"Odd-Man-Out"
Was a temporary situation,
Subject to swift rectification.

But now I am "Odd Man."
Out. No longer playing.
Removed from circulation
By virtue of being bereft
And with no turns left.

Alfred Allen Lewis, in his excellent book THREE OUT OF FOUR WIVES, makes clear the kind of social wilderness in which widows are forced to wander:

> The rights a woman receives in marriage, and most of her duties in this role in our society, cease upon the death of her husband. She lacks a social group which automatically undertakes the duties her husband performed in the past, but she is not bound to any group just because of her past marriage....The prevailing attitudes force a widow to feel like a displaced person. She has been tainted by the unmentionable. She is a leper, an outcast, a pariah.[6]

Bernadine Kreis, author of TO LOVE AGAIN, enjoyed social and professional prominence through her husband, a luxurious life style; but following his death, testified: "I lost my place in our social group, many friends, and all our plans for the future. I stood alone, suddenly a 'single' without the vaguest idea of how to live as a single, where to go, what to do--and worst of all, without the motivation to reorganize my life."[7] The widow is persona non grata, a threat to her married friends, an uneven number at the table. "Odd-~~Man~~ Woman-Out."

I was pleased to read recently that a Widowed Persons Service Program had been established in Milwaukee, temporarily funded under Title I, but such groups are extremely rare or ephemeral. For that matter, widows can't even count on other women as allies. I found only one issue of MS magazine that carried even a few pages about widows, and that was during the spring Lynn Caine was published. Widows are obviously

p. 2

bad press, also feeble suffragettes. Gradually they sink into an underground of silent survivors except for the few who defy the odds and re-marry. (Let it be noted that "More than 70% of men over 65 are married, compared to 30% of the women."[8])

The harsh truth is that widows must go-it-alone. A few days is all the time people have to devote to anyone's grief, and extended discussion of a widow's problems becomes wearisome and embarrassing. Currently the state university in my community is advertising a course on loneliness and the single person called "Moping, Groping, Coping," but not a single news account has specifically mentioned widows as members of the social community to be studied or attracted. Everett/Edwards, Inc., advertises an impressive Women's Studies Series, 80 cassette-lectures, including such intriguing titles as "Was Jesus a Feminist?" and "Women in Bangladesh," but nothing about 12 million widows in the United States. Recently a friend sent me Susan Cahill's WOMEN AND FICTION, acclaimed as

> A unique collection of 26 short stories about the special experience of being a woman: of growing up female, of being a daughter, sister, wife, mother, lover. Over the fence, under the hairdryer, in the office, at the playground, women have talked of love, sex, marriage, work, children, adultery, divorce, loneliness, unfulfillment, friendship, and a thousand other things.[9]

Notice what these women <u>haven't</u> talked about?

Perhaps the most gross oversight is that of Gail Sheehy in her widely discussed best seller, PASSAGES, which purports to be an elucidation of the predictable "passages" married women can anticipate. Ms. Sheehy devotes only <u>one paragraph</u> in the entire book to the subject, concluding with these truly offensive observations:

> Every woman fears becoming the proverbial widow who barges in on the family life of her married children, or who treads on the periphery, saying stoutly, "They have their own lives." Whether she has enough money to float around the world on cruise ships or has to sit feeding pigeons from a park bench, she is still a little old girl waiting to die.[10]

Given this kind of insensitive thinking by a presumably informed and "scientific"

woman writer, what can we expect from the general public?

C. A HISTORY OF STEREOTYPES

The widow as stereotype is surely nothing new. Lu Emily Pearson, in an engaging discussion of "Elizabethan Widows" in the 1967 edition of STANFORD STUDIES IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE," remarks that widows were shown little favor in the plays, ballads, and gossip sheets of the 16th century, nor have they ever been. Study Biblical references, she urges, specifically the Pauline tradition that brands widows as treacherous and lustful. Shakespeare's widows, she notes, characteristically "weep only an hour," or, like Gertrude in HAMLET, give proof that "the heyday in the blood" is anything but "tame." Elizabethan widows were fortunate, nevertheless, in having family members socially obligated to arrange rapid re-marriages and oversee financial transactions. Given the hazards of the age, some women were married three or four times, nor was it uncommon to acquire a new spouse as soon as the former had been properly interred. --Recall the rapidity with which Lady Anne succumbs to the wily wooing of wicked Richard III over the barely chilled corpse of Henry VI.

By comparison, today's widow suffers not only social abandonment but the onus of a negative public image as well, and literature and the mass media only help confirm a limited set of notions about what widows are really like. A literary education supplies primarily solemn images, such as those of Trojan women bewailing slaughtered husbands and babes, Irish mothers keening their lost "riders to the sea," or genteel Widow Douglases observing delicate and proper social patterns. Television offers us larger-than-life images of "Super Widow," women like Coretta King, Ethel Kennedy, or Lady Bird Johnson. In the words of Alfred Allan Lewis:

> Super Widow doesn't cry. Super Widow doesn't display untoward emotion. Super Widow doesn't get lonely or frustrated. Super Widow takes her medicine like a good soldier, without flinching. Super Widow may not be much of a woman, but she's a helluva guy.[12]

Lewis's complaint, and rightfully so, is that such a heavy dose of Super Widow gives the public unrealistic expectations about how widows are supposed to behave and supports the belief that "widow" is a role to be played nobly for the rest of a woman's life.

A reflection of this mixed view is apparent in movies mostly remind us that widows wear black, hide their hair, and have to be supported by husky relatives as they weep alongside the casket.

, movies or TV specials with widow as heroine are almost non-existent. The film ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE promised to be a genuine breakthrough but ends with Alice rejoining the comfortable society of couples through marriage to the Man of her Dreams. In his review of the film, Hollis Alpert concluded:

> I was hoping to see--and had been led to believe I would by advance reports--a film that showed a woman breaking free from traditional restraints and making it on her own. Not so. The basic problem is that Alice, although she's changed her place of residence, is still living in the same place.[13]

The current TV adaptation, ALICE , is pure sitcom, with Alice dishing up chili and laughs in a sequence of shallow and basically silly weekly episodes.

the same society that expects a woman to remain forever loyal

, re-marriage

the only really effective remedy for the "disease" of widowhood. "Get married again," the distraught widow is repeatedly and tastelessly advised; "find another man." So urged for the dozenth time, a recently widowed friend of mine retorted, "And would you suggest I advertise?" As her bitter response implies, the widow finds her right to individuality and a choice of life style repeatedly disregarded and socially inhibited.

D. THE "WIDOW MEMOIR"

In the July 26, 1976, NEW YORKER, Robert Coles noted: "There are many dangers inherent in writing personal memoirs: inordinate self-display, self-flattery, a generally too narrow view of things."[14] Widow memoirs are most likely to err in the latter aspect--a "too narrow view of things." As a genre, works that fall in this category are limited in number, written by exceptional (and therefore untypical) women, and generally lacking in literary distinction.

Read one--and you have almost read them all, except for differences in tone and ways of resolving grief. Most of these books, except those by wives of creative artists, fall into the category of "how to" books--"how to" survive the death of a loved one and build a new life. They are acts of exorcism, the writer's way of working through the stages of her own personal grief while offering a pep talk to other women comparably afflicted. (likewise

The similarity of format in these books is their most obvious characteristic. Chapter one almost always begins dramatically with a description of "The Eternal Goodbye," the traumatic experience of living through the tormenting sequence of events connected with a loved one's death. Invariably Chapter two focuses on the initial sense of unreality and the ordeal of the funeral. Chapter 3 shifts to the children (if any) and ways of allaying their anxieties and fears. Chapter 4 returns to a consideration of "The Long Mourning"--feelings of anger, pining, detachment, numbness, screaming pain. By Chapter 5, the widow is half-way ready to venture into the world again, though still "Going Through the Motions." Chapter 6, "Money Matters," is likely to concern itself with practicalities: what the widow doesn't know about handling finances, stalled automobiles, clogged septic tanks, etc. Chapter 7, "Social Pariah," writes itself, with the widow pouring out the pain of discovering her social isolation. Chapter 8 offers gratifying relief, with a testimonial to strategies for "Casting Off the Past," followed by a largely didactic concluding section on "How To Live Again." Chapters on sex, dating, dieting, TM, etc. are optional .

Death, mourning, return to the living--such is the archetypal experience a widow must necessarily chronicle in a memoir. --No wonder the sameness of format in these works. Where they differ is in the specific reaction to grief and the ways for establishing a satisfactory life style once the mourning period has been concluded. Even then, however, these works lend themselves to a typology of widows because of the seemingly narrow range of choices open to the woman left alone.

Perhaps the most familiar and easily recognizable widow is "The Keeper of the Flame," that steadfast. creative, yet willingly subordinate woman dedicated to preserving and enhancing her husband's memory as long as she is alive to tend the shrine. Books by such women really turn out to be biographies of the husband, with self-portrayal kept to a minimum. Of 537 pages of her recently published HOW IT WAS, Mary Walsh Hemingway devotes only 93 pages to the account of her own life before marriage to Ernest. Wittily Melvin Maddocks remarks in his review of the book:

> The earthly Muses of literary men tend to follow a certain succession. The first wife gets to bear the babies. The next wife or two come in on the money and the fame. The poor last wife is left to serve as practical nurse to the Great Man's aches and pains, and, as widow, play keeper to his flame.[15]

He goes on to observe that "The only real compensation for keepers of the flame is that they have the last word." Thus, despite the fact that, in his view, Mary's book "flunks in prose style," it manages to serve as a decisive chapter in the history of women who do time as artists' "handmaidens."[16]

Halina Rodzinski, widow of the famed conductor Arturo Rodzinski, willingly assumed the role of "handmaiden," also, for the past twenty years, votary at the shrine --but, as she admits, at considerable personal cost. Her OUR TWO LIVES, published this past summer, is a brilliant and engrossing record of the musical life of America and Europe in the 1930's, '40's, and '50's, but even more a testimonial to her role as nurse, whipping post, domestic slave, and Earth Mother, ready to comfort or forgive her ill-tempered and chronically unfaithful spouse. Toward the end of her book she confides:

> I simply loved the man, for whatever reasons one loves, and accepted him as a phenomenon, one outside most human categories. But the cost of such love and nearly interminable acceptance is huge, and to this day I still pay it. It was, in large measure, the suppression or subversion of what constituted my self.[17]

Halina goes on to state that her friends nicknamed her "Slave," and confesses that "In the early years of our marriage had I not occasionally asserted myself, I now realize that I might have dematerialized altogether."[18] --Thus the life of "Keepers of the Flame"!

The "Paragon of Pi.ty" is best represented by Catherine Marshall's TO LIVE AGAIN, a genuinely sincere and inspired book that has been widely read and heeded. Following the premature death of her gifted and greatly beloved husband, Peter Marshall, Catherine endured the terror and pain every widow faces: revulsion upon seeing the corpse in all its whiteness and rigidity; numbness; guilt and anger, with the family as her scapegoats; the need for comfort; having to resolve the question of "Who am I?" complicated by all the practical demands of handling finances, child, house and car. Fortunately, God comes to the rescue and becomes The Answer, The Way, The Keeper of all Promises. In no way do I wish to imply that supernatural assistance should be ridiculed or disregarded. What we have to keep in mind, however, is that individuals like Catherine Marshall are scarcely typical. God can work rather readily in the life of a woman of her talents and connections. There may be fewer doors to open for Vivian or Margo up the block.

Pearl Buck epitomizes the widow as "Lofty Pilgrim," wandering the globe in search of Resignation and Higher Understanding. Her A BRIDGE FOR PASSING, however, is an embarrassment; I wish it hadn't been published. Ms. Buck resorts to such melodramatic utterances as "Thither I went" or "I was loath to go." Worst of all, she refers, repeatedly, to her husband as "he" and "him," never even telling us his name. What makes the book particularly unconvincing is the revelation that "he"--or "him"--was a deteriorating stroke victim for the seven years preceding his death. The grief and aloneness Ms. Buck professes are clearly "after the fact," an excuse for a sentimental journey unconvincing to anyone who has learned that extended dying wears out the mourner and makes death, finally, a welcome relief.

Caitlin Thomas's LEFTOVER LIFE TO KILL, an impassioned and, for me, virtually unreadable chronicle of life A.D. --After Dylan--has received considerable attention, mainly because of the dramatic circumstances of her husband's death and his posthumous critical acclaim. She obviously exemplifies the widow-gone-mad, at least temporarily "Wild and Wayward."

As her book recounts, Caitlin and one son fled Wales and grief for an idyll among the Greeks, where she enjoyed a brief affair with a youth half her age. The book is a wild outpouring of feeling, loaded with cluttered and lengthy sentences ala Dylan. At best, the book reminds us of what Lynn Caine discovered about bereavement: all widows go through a crazy period; and, in some instances, the craziness really shows.

In startling contrast, the "Sensible and Serene" widow takes charge in super-cool fashion with scarcely a tremor. As displayed in DEATH'S SINGLE PRIVACY, Joyce Phipps, widow of a young Yale professor, is a model of self-control, rational and calculating. No craziness here. She anticipates all contingencies, comforts those who would comfort her, shares the experience openly and astutely with her hyper-precocious infants. Hurray for people like Joyce Phipps--and so much for you, Mister Death--except that most of us aren't as gutsy, organized, gifted, or restrained.

"Lucky-Ever-After" must also be included in our typology, though few in number. Yes, some widows--not many--do re-marry to the tune of "Love Is Better the Second Time Around." Witness the gratifying experience of Bernadine Kreis in TO LOVE AGAIN --or Alice. Jane Seskin concludes Young Widow with the happy declaration: "And as for me; well, at the moment I'm alive, I'm healthy, I'm in love, and God damn it, I'm going to make something of my life!"[19] At age 30, she should be able to. The options for older women are considerably less promising.

Lynn Caine's WIDOW was the cause celebre of the 1974 publishing season, a work so widely acknowledged that it has now been issued in paperback. For months her ar. .one-shaped face and grief-pried eyes stared out of bookstores and newspaper columns throughout the nation. She was widely reviewed, sought after for talk shows, excerpted in prominent publications. An equally valuable work, possibly the best overall book on widowhood currently available--Isabella Taves's LOVE MUST NOT BE WASTED--came out the same year, but received nowhere the same attention. The reason is rather obvious: Lynn Caine had the

audacity to plaster the dirty word--WIDOW--on the cover and to tell the harsh truths others have concealed under euphemisms.

Critics have been decidedly uncomfortable about how to respond to the book. Melvin Maddocks stated that WIDOW "threatens more than once to be a non-book."[20] Dorothy Rabinowitz, in SATURDAY REVIEW, termed Ms. Caine's response "extreme" and "eccentric."[21] What is clear is that the reviewers don't really understand widows or their experience, even though they recognize some attention is overdue. For that matter, Ms. Caine's book has also proven disturbing for other widows. Personally, I find it hard to believe that her lawyer husband, knowing that his disease was terminal, would make no attempt to arrange for his family's financial security, nor can I conceive of a woman of her education and competence moving to the suburbs when she doesn't know how to drive. But widows and dying people do crazy things, as she is the first to admit, because they have never had to play the Dying Game before. The supreme value of this book is that it sets forth lucidly and persuasively the needs of contemporary widows for community understanding, recognition, and social acceptance. As such, Lynn Caine is the spokeswoman for the "Merely Widow," a category which includes most of the "survivors" in our nation.

CURRICULUM IMPLICATIONS

As English teachers, we can scarcely be expected to take on the cause of still another neglected minority, nor is that the purport of this paper. What we do have to accept is a measure of responsibility for helping widows attain the kind of positive visibility they deserve. Certainly they merit "equal treatment" in any consideration of the image of women in language, literature, the mass media, and the public mind.

As teachers of language, we can help to minimize negative connotations associated with the word "widow," reminding students that women whose spouses are deceased are also individuals in their own right, persons who should not be stereotyped or socially exiled. We should also repeatedly remind young people that widowhood is a reality for which all women must be prepared and which males must not immaturely deny. Gone is the day that a woman should have to say, "But I never thought it could happen to me!" Widowhood is one of the facts of life that needs to come out of the closet of fear and incomprehensibility.

As teachers of literature, we need also to include the widow in our discussions of poetry, autobiography, fiction, and drama. For example, we might take a poem, such as Leonard Nathan's "Widowhood,"[22] published in the October 11, 1976, NEW YORKER, and ask students to consider ways in which widows have been portrayed in the world's literature and treated in its local communities, particularly in our own!

WIDOWHOOD

It's as if the wife
of King Lear wandered on stage
after the play
and since there was no script
they had to hustle up
a few lines of pious resignation
to staunch the tears--
the cue for a heads-up exit,
while in the unlit alley outside,
its right rear door flung open,
the black Buick from the nursing home
snarled under the toe of a booted lackey.

Widows should also be included in any discussion of marriage and family relationships. Married women who have not been encouraged to retain their individuality, who perceive themselves only as extensions of their husbands, risk becoming emotional paraplegics if the Fates descend and sever them from their source of identity and security. It is also time we stop expecting widows to remain preserved in black, frozen in postures of nobility or gentility.

In a broader sense, as human beings we need to develop a heightened sensitivity to ways in which widows can be meaningfully sustained through the stages of grief and re-integrated into the community in which they have been accustomed to function. Most of us still have a couple fixation, a sense that, as on Noah's ark, what's worth saving comes in pairs. A church in my community boasts a very active "Couple's Club" that meets monthly. Upon the death of a spouse, however, the "un-coupled" member must drop out--at the very time she or he most needs the support, affection, and stimulation of friends and familiar associations.

As things presently stand, the widow is among us but unseen, a part of the closet crowd. She is labeled, stereotyped, made a pariah, frozen in time--a condition she shares with more than 12 million other women, all of whom are inhibited in their efforts to find fulfilment in their own right. That's a lot of women. We can only conclude that "The Case of the Missing Widow" needs to be re-opened, and we all need to be part of the investigation.

[So I believed, too, during the agonizing months after my husband's death when I wrote:]

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FOOTNOTES

[1]Alfred Allen Lewis. THREE OUT OF FOUR WIVES. New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., 1975, p. .

[2]See Lily Pincus, DEATH AND THE FAMILY: THE IMPORTANCE OF MOURNING, New York: Pantheon, 1974, and Colin Murray Parkes, BEREAVEMENT, New York: International U. Press, Inc., 1972. These are really definitive sources on death and bereavement.

[3]Lynn Caine. WIDOW. New York: William Morrow & Company, Inc., 1974, p.86.

[4]Lewis, op. cit., p. 32.

[5]IBID., p. 11.

[6]IBID., pp. 4 and 6.

[7]Bernadine Kreis. TO LOVE AGAIN. New York: The Seabury Press, 1975, p. x.

[8]Caine, op. cit., p. 12.

[9]Susan Cahill, ed. WOMEN & FICTION. New York: New American Library, 1975, Back Cover.

[10]Gail Sheehy. PASSAGES. New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1976, p. 405.

[11]Lu Emily Pearson. "Elizabethan Widows" in STANFORD STUDIES IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, 1941, ed. by Hardin Craig. Freeport, New York: Books for Libraries Press, Inc., 1967, pp. 124-142.

[12]Lewis, op. cit., pp. 37-38.

[13]Hollis Alpert. "Will the Real Alice Please Stand Up?," SATURADAY REVIEW, January 25, 1975, p. 49.

[14]Robert Coles. "Particular Memories," NEW YORKER, July 26, 1976, P. 80.

[15]Melvin Maddocks. "Mary's Museship," TIME, October 18, 1976, p. 104.

[16]IBID., p 109.

[17]Halina Rodzinski. OUR TWO LIVES. New York: Chas. Schribner's and Sons, 1976, p. 346.

[18]IBID

[19]Jane Seskin. YOUNG WIDOW. New York: Ace Books, 1975, p. 199.

[20]Melvin Maddocks. "The Long Goodbye," TIME, June 3, 1974, p. 77.

[21]Dorothy Rabinowitz. Review of WIDOW in SATURDAY REVIEW, June 29, 1974, p. 18.

[22]Leonard Nathan. "Widowhood," NEW YORKER, October 11, 1976, p. 90.